Volume LXIX CHICAGO, JUNE 27, 1912 Number 17

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Summoned to the Slums

I said: "Let us walk in the fields;"
He said: "No; walk in the town."
I said: "There are no flowers there;"
He said: "No flowers, but a crown."

I said: "But the skies are black,
There is nothing but noise and din;"
And he wept as he sent me back—
"There is worse," he said, "there is sin."

I said: "But the air is thick,
And fogs are veiling the sun;"
He answered, "Yet souls are sick,
And souls in the dark undone."

I said: "I shall miss the light,
And friends will miss me, they say."
He answered me, "Choose tonight
If *I* am to miss you, or they."

I pleaded for time to be given.
He said: "Is it hard to decide?
It will not seem hard in heaven
To have followed the steps of your Guide."

—*From the Christian Life.*

CONTENTS

What of the Morrow? Thomas F. Porter.....259

EDITORIAL—
Notes 259
Sunday-school Work. 260
Who Is My Neighbor? 261
Snatching Life from the Flood.—*Ernest P. Bicknell*.261
Lost Songs.—*Arthur Stringer* 261

THE PULPIT—
The Answerer.—Joseph Fort Newton. 262
This Generation.—*Rev. Samuel M. Crothers*.....264
The Park System of Chicago.—*Mrs. T. W. Allinson*.267

THE FIELD—
Professor Starr's Visit to Africa. 269
The Passing of the "Signal de Geneve."—M. E. H. . 269

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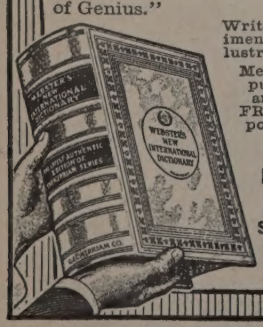

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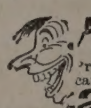

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UNITY

" HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXIX THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1912. NUMBER 17.

WHAT OF THE MORROW?

What of the morrow? Will night's darkness break,
That now holds sway o'er earth's unnumbered throng?
Will man his place beside his brother take
And in ranks firmly welded march along?

Will some great light shine in upon the mind
So that all social prejudice shall end,
That we all men shall at one table find,
And brotherhood make worthier the friend?

What of the morrow? Will its brightness throw
O'er all distinctions an illuming wave,
That on the earth we shall no longer know
A lordly master or a menial slave?

Will fair tomorrow's light so flood the heart
That each shall to his brother duty own,
And each one do with willing hands his part
And only reap where he himself has sown?

What of the morrow? Will it come and go
As those that darkly through the past have thronged,
Or will it bring to mortal man below
The light for which the centuries have longed?

The light that, bursting in upon our souls,
Transcends the brightness of the noonday sun,
And all our thoughts and acts alike controls,
Making the nations of the earth as one?

—*Thomas F. Porter in the Boston Globe.*

What a bewildering lot of pictures is offered in the article entitled "Field Work in Sociology," by Alexander M. Wilson, in the *Survey* for June 1st. These pictures are called *philtographs* by *pholanthropists* whatever these words may mean. Go look for them in the dictionary.

Harry F. Ward, the incisive lover of Democracy and worker for the lower strata in the industrial world, a Methodist minister after the order of John Wesley, has been studying the situation at Muscatine, Iowa, where there has been a year of industrial warfare with the attendant economic and moral waste. He finds those poor button-makers incoherent and lacking leadership and offering a powerful argument for organizing industry and democratizing the same by the establishment of the proposed "Federal Commission on Industrial Relations."

The Rev. Marion D. Shutter, in a Children's Day address in his pulpit in Minneapolis, gave a pretty paraphrase of Browning's "Boy and the Angel," which is printed in the *Universalist Leader* of June 15, 1912. In this story our neighbor puts Theocrite to work in his father's *carpenter* shop. It is our belief that Theocrite's craft was at the loom, and we have arrived at our conclusion from internal evidence. If Brother Shutter will give us his reason for supposing it was a carpenter's shop, we will offer our presumptive evidence in favor of the loom.

The *Advance* for June 13 has a leading editorial on "Waste in Religion." The editorial is in line of present scientific tendencies; it commends the get-together movements on the part of the denominations as a good sign of the times, and goes further. It suggests that the "practices, worship, ceremonies, sacrifices, costly provisions and appointments, beliefs and teachings" of the religions of the past have, to a great degree, been absurd, foolish and unprofitable, and it affirms that "the only religion that is worth while is that prophetic religion that inclines the ear towards God, that makes the world bloom into spiritual life and turns wastes into gardens."

The *Congregationalist* for June 13 gives three pages to the consideration of "Recreation Hobbies," the things enjoyed out of doors, and butterfly-catching, fishing, automobiling, camping, golfing, bird-study and walking, are named among the re-creating industries. What is the matter with doing nothing at all,—just lying down and letting the air and the sunshine lull you to sleep with a neglected book on the breast, that nature may have a chance. That cannot re-create that does not create. Perhaps, after all, there is a cryptic meaning in the story of Eden. Man was made out of dust and nothing more potential than that, and woman was born out of sleep. All life comes from these sources. Bless you! don't worry us with your exhausting recreations. Let us surrender ourselves, when we have a chance, to the creating forces.

The June number of the *Western Conference Unitarian Monthly* is devoted to a report of the meetings of that body held in Chicago, May 13 to 16. The secretary of that body, who is also the editor of this monthly, says of the meetings:

> The program concerned itself mainly with the attempt to get a little clearer vision of the duty and the opportunity of the church in just this time in which we are living and working. . . . Inevitably the question of the attitude of the church toward the social and economic problems of our time entered into all the discussions. . . . As compared with the last two annual meetings, the attention was fo-

cused less on the machinery of the denomination and more on the moving spirit of a free religion. The total effect was far more dynamic and inspiring. We moved in wider spaces with freer step and with more joyous hearts.

This is not only as it should be, but as ought to be expected. When the Unitarians forget their littleness and their weakness, abandon their denominational ambitions and hold their labels and their sectarian peculiarities lightly, they will find themselves on the advance line of the great host that seeks to interpret religion in terms of human helpfulness and to sustain their devotion by action. The Unitarian banner should ever be bordered with white, being a Peace flag looking towards a federation of the religious world.

We have often been led to dwell upon the deficiencies of the church and the inefficiency of the clergy. We believe it is still our duty to continue such study and do what we can to force the result upon public attention, but we have tried at the same time to insist upon the superlative place occupied by the church in the present days as in the past. Organizations in the interest of religion, socialized morality and co-operative spirituality, are bound to stay, and we delight in calling attention to a brief article in the *Literary Digest* for June 15, entitled "The Church as a Curb for Crime." This gives the testimony of a Brooklyn judge, that out of some twenty-seven hundred cases brought before him in a five-years' service on the bench, he "never had to try a man who was at the time of the alleged offense, or ever had been, an active member of the church." A Chicago judge is quoted as having said: "Rarely, almost never, were the parties to a divorce suit active church workers." Another man is quoted as having said in response to a Roman Catholic pastor in a factory town who wanted to close all the Catholic churches wherein the Poles and Slovacs worshiped, "Then you would have hell here in six months." The Brooklyn judge was further quoted as saying that crime now costs us 700,000,000 dollars a year, that it would cost us ten times as much if there were no churches, and that it would cost hardly anything if all were in the churches. So let the church workers, lay and cleric, take heart. It should never be a question of church or *no* church, but always a question between present churches and *better* churches.

The making of "platforms" might well come under the head of wasted energies, for the planks fitted therein, in the main, are intended simply to float a candidate into office, not to carry the weight of an administration. A platform of a political party may be characterized as the wise old preacher characterized a text for a sermon, "a point of departure seldom if ever returned thereto." It is safe to say that when the carpentering of these platforms shall have been completed the most serious issues of our times will have been omitted, or so "gingerly" touched as to do nobody any harm. What about the iniquities of the saloon and the wastage represented by the distillers and the brewers? What about the wicked waste of the war-ship? What about the barbarity of big guns? What about the neutralization of the Panama Canal and saving of the noblest engineering triumph of the age from the degradation of bristling cannon? What about the neutralization of the Philippine Islands that the government of these people of the Pacific may be speedily given back into their own hands, where it belongs? What about the problems of honest assessment and righteous taxation sought after by the followers of Henry George, the contentions of the Socialists and the gropings of the Labor Unions? What about the Labor Unions? What about the women, who, by nature, inheritance, and the discipline of life should be trained as expert housekeepers in our city, state and national housekeeping, the leading concern of which should be the training of the young, the care of the sick, dependent and defective and the battle with dirt and disease, which is only house-cleaning on a larger scale?

Sunday-school Work

Religious Education, the journal of the Religious Educational Association, in its issue for June, gives much space to the discussion of graded work in Sunday-schools. The plea for a grading of the instruction is pedagogically unanswerable, and if instruction were the main object in Sunday-school work the argument would be conclusive. But there is an element of atmosphere, of personality, of affection, of leadership, entering into the Sunday-school, that is menaced by the grading, particularly the *esprit de corps* that is gained from the united interests, the concentration of personalities realized when pastor, superintendent, teachers and pupils are all united in the contemplation of one subject, in storing the memory with one theme, or text, or story. There is great danger that in following up the pedagogical theory of graded instruction there may be violence done to the life of the Sunday-school, which should also be a place of worship, the place to receive impulses more than ideas even, a place for cultivating associations with the younger in the presence of the older as well as with the older in the presence of the younger. We wonder if the day is not coming when the present accepted expediency of graded work in public schools will not be distrusted. Is there not something cruel in chopping the intellectual growth of the child into eight sections before it reaches high school work,—each section with a new teacher to be conformed to and a strange regime to be conquered? We have often urged a pedagogical experiment in the public schools of

setting apart one grammar school building for the use of an ungraded school—something after this fashion: Let a group of second grade children be given each year to a teacher with the understanding that she is to remain with them until they are fitted for the high school. Let this experiment be conducted in any way found expedient, subject, of course, to the encouragement and guidance of suitable supervision, and see what the result will be by the time the high school is reached.

Who Is My Neighbor?

"Who Is My Neighbor?" is the title of the Eleventh Annual Report of the Central Howard Association covering the year 1911. This is one of the most modest lend-a-hand activities in Chicago, if modesty be measured by its obscurity, but it is also one of the most heart-searching and life-shaping philanthropies in this great city. Its aim is to extend the helping-hand to those who have been "pinched" by the law and who, having been "disciplined" in prison, are turned back into society maimed in spirit and marked in body, with the heart of the world hardened against them. They are excluded from most of the avenues to a legitimate livelihood, which are closed against them by the prejudgment of the business world. The president of this most important organization is W. M. R. French, the Director of the Art Institute, and he has associated with him a body of influential and public-spirited men, of whom Bishop Fallows, John L. Whitman, the benign superintendent of the House of Correction, and Judges Tuttle and McGorty are representative. The records show 1,456 applicants during the year 1911, for whom employment was found for all but two hundred. Eighty-five per cent of the men on parole are reported as successful. The reported earnings of the paroled men during the year exceeded $37,000. 393 of the applicants were under twenty-five years of age; 423 below the sixth grade in school; 795 gave drink and the bad company incident thereto as the cause of their downfall. We wish our preaching friends would send for a copy of this pamphlet and find in it material for at least one moving sermon and a point of view that would color their preaching throughout the year. But why limit it to the preaching force? Every school-teacher, every parent, needs to know what is herein set forth. Not only the pamphlet but much other information can be secured on the asking from the efficient superintendent, F. Emory Lyon, 415 Rand McNally Building, 157 West Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois. Dr. Lyon has well chosen for the motto of his pamphlet as an interpretation of his work these lines from Joaquin Miller:

In men whom men condemn as ill,
  I find so much of goodness still;
In men whom men pronounce divine,
  I find so much of sin and blot;
I hesitate to draw the line
  Between the two when God has not.

Snatching Life From the Flood

In the midst of one of the fiercest storms in the history of western Kentucky, the levee protecting the low-lying part of the town of Hickman broke recently with a roar which roused the entire population. More than a hundred cottages occupied the flat land behind the levee. It was 11 o'clock at night and intensely dark except when the frequent lightning showed terrifying glimpses of the rushing water, the driving rain, and the people hurrying in panic through the rising flood toward the hill. They carried their children and such valuables as they had time to seize.

Up on the hill in warmth and safety Rev. J. H. Geiger heard the deep roar and understood. Suddenly he remembered that in a little home in the flat below, a baby had been born only a few hours before. The baby's father was absent from home and the helpless mother lay alone with the little one, almost directly in the path of the current where it swept through the broken levee.

As swiftly as he could run, Mr. Geiger dashed down the hill and into the water, which in a moment had reached his waist. He pushed on. In the darkness he met a man fleeing toward the hill with arms loaded with household goods from his flooded house. Hurriedly Mr. Geiger explained the peril of the mother and baby alone in the path of the water. The man dropped his load without a word and, as it floated away in the blackness, turned and joined the preacher.

They broke into the cottage, lifted upon their shoulders the cot on which lay mother and child and started toward the hill about a quarter of a mile distant. The flood swirled about them, now up to their arm-pits. Stumbling, waiting now and again for the lightning to show the way, at times in water to their shoulders, they struggled and fought and, finally exhausted, set their load safely on solid ground.

And it was only when the woman told the thrilling story that this tale of modern heroism became known.—*Ernest P. Bicknell, in the Survey.*

LOST SONGS

A roo, but there's singin' I've struck up
  Wid niver a note to be heard,
When me heart widout sthirrin' the silence
  Sthood by me and sang like a bird!

So if all the ould dreams that escaped me
  Were sung to the chunes that got free,
I'd be weavin' ye rainbows av rapture
  And shammin' the thrush, ma-chree!

But och, 'tis the birds that are ailin,'
  Bide close by our coaxin' and sing;
'Tis the music worth housin' and keepin'
  Foriver makes off on the wing!

—*Arthur Stringer.*

THE PULPIT

The Answerer

By Joseph Fort Newton, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Before they call, I will answer. Isaiah lxvi:24.

One of the poems of Walt Whitman has for its title "The Song of the Answerer." It is a portrayal of the mission of the poet as one who interprets the dim visions and dumb aspirations of humanity —those vague, sweet longings which well up in every human heart, but which so few can ever express. He is thus an answerer for a voiceless host, a priest and prophet of the soul who utters for us that for which we have no words.

How suggestive is this title when applied to the eternal answerer of human hearts, whose attitude toward man is that of responsiveness. No other name better describes the Father of men whose ear is ever open to our prayer, and who stands ready to help, ready to save. All through the Bible, like an echoing refrain, runs the truth of the willingness, the eagerness of God to hear and to heal. With every art of appeal, that wise old book urges us to pray, assuring us that God responds to all alike, without respect of persons, and without stint. Nor has any fact ever been better attested in the life of our troubled race.

We live in a responsive world. Let a man put himself in right relation with its mighty forces, and he will find that they hasten to serve his need. If he puts his turbine in the river, the waters will turn his wheel; if he hoists his sail, the answering winds will waft him onward; if he sows his seed, the sunshine and showers will labor for the harvest. Nature is thus our servant, the one of whom we are always sure. She works with all her power for anyone who stirs himself to lay hold of her forces and obey her laws. When we are responsive, the stars in their courses fight for us, and all the vast universe toils to make our dreams come to pass.

Not less true is it in our quest of truth, beauty, and the moral ideal. When Huxley said that a man of science must free himself of vanity and impurity and sit down before nature, as a little child, and listen to her story, he described the prayer of an honest mind for truth. Such an attitude, at once earnest and sincere, is essentially religious, and its prayer is answered. So Wordsworth brooded among the lakes and hills until the spirit of nature, hearing the prayer of a pure mind, dropped her veil and told him her secrets. Truth comes to us only when we are true and worthy to receive it. She is coy of her favors until we show ourselves to be sincere, nor does she crown her knights by proxy.

There is my friend Sylvester, an artist and a poet, who for twenty years has loved the Father of Waters, musing on its banks on still days and lovely nights. At last the King of the rivers of the earth, finding him to be worthy of its trust, revealed to him a "beauty beyond the power of palette or of pen." He saw its lights and shadows, the living green of the rustling woods and the glint of winding waters, the far-away wistfulness of twilight, and the thoughts and things he had longed to know. And now he has told us, in picture and poem, what "The Great River" whispered to him in answer to his prayer. He found it responsive, and there is something hauntingly beautiful in his story, in color and song—glimpses of long vistas, echoes of silvery tones in the swaying pine-tops.

> The wind goes down the valley.
> And over the mountain leaps,
> But my heart, my heart, forever
> The song of the pine tree keeps.

So it is in our hunger and thirst after righteousness. Prayer is not the triumph of man over God, but the victory of man over himself. It does not make God willing, it makes man ready of heart for what is already given. In a book of essays entitled, appropriately, "The Man of Today," George Merriam has a study of prayers and their answers, written in reply to a woman who said that she had been praying for a long time and nothing had come of it. He tells her that "to work is to pray," using the old Latin saying, and that is true as far as it goes. But it does not go very far. It all depends on how we work, and in what spirit. The other Latin saying, "to pray well is to work well," also is true, though the man of today is hardly aware of it.

Of course, there is a sense in which the curling smoke of a factory may be the incense of prayer. Millions of our fellowmen are doing the hard work of the world. They tumble out of the cradle into the workshops; they tumble out of the workshops into the grave; and their life is a service to their kind. It has value for God. In the stern process whereby they help their fellowmen to live, they are serving God, albeit unwittingly, and it may be bitterly and sullenly. Yet their labor is, in one aspect, a kind of vast, dumb, unremitting prayer which, if it found a voice, might not fit in with the Sabbath anthem. But the work that is worship is a conscious linking of our lives with the will of an eternal worker, a task done for him and in his spirit. To sweep a room, to dig a ditch, to drive a cart, to write a sermon as for his will, is to make labor an act of worship. With this spirit, hard tasks, which would otherwise be dull drudgery, respond to a faithful stroke and become a joy.

But if ever we are to attain to such a beatitude, it must be by praying well that we may work well —prayer putting us in good heart for work, and work making us ready to receive an answer to our prayer. It behooves us, then, to study the principles of prayer, if so that we may make our spirits responsive to the divine spirit; for in prayer, as in all things else, there are laws which we must learn and obey. Prayer is, first of all, an act of the soul by which we come into conscious contact with our eternal Father. Petition is not the root of prayer. When we truly pray, we come to God not to ask for anything, but to ask for himself. The word for prayer most often used in the New Testament does not indicate petition; it means, literally, a wish directed Godward. There is no better and truer idea of prayer than that which you may remember in the life of St. Francis of Assisi, where,

we are told, he would often spend hours upon his knees simply saying at intervals the word God, God; asking nothing. Just because God is love, and knows all, and is ready to give the best, we want to come to him. It is fellowship, not favors, that we need most of all.

In the second place, prayer is an act of the soul by which God comes into contact with us. This may seem to be a distinction without a difference, but it is not. It may be said that God, who is everywhere and all-powerful, can come into contact with his creatures when he likes, and as he will. That is true. In him we live and move and have our existence; but he does not deal with the soul of man as he does with inert objects. He does not, and perhaps if we knew all, we should say he cannot come into contact with the soul unless the soul lets him. At any rate, as St. Francis said, God is always courteous, and does not invade the privacy of the human soul. Nor can he do much for a soul that does not open the door and ask him to come in. It is a shut soul; a barred door; and he will not break it down. He who prays, opens the door to admit the most gracious of all guests, the wisest of all friends, and there is no better way to begin a day.

Then there is a third great law of prayer which, though we do not yet know its workings, is one of the holiest facts of life. In the act of prayer, we discover not only the depths of our own souls, but the solidarity and fellowship of all souls—discover a realm in which there is no space, no distance, and in which we may touch and help other souls afar. As in wireless telegraphy, by running up or down the scale we touch other instruments at varying levels, and send and receive messages, so, in a more subtle and mysterious way, it is in the life of the soul. We are on the eve of great discoveries here. As science becomes more refined, men are coming to feel that prayer is one of the most practical and mighty forces of life. Selfish prayer sinks into insignificance beside the acquiring of such a power of extending spiritual aid to those in need. But this fact was known and used ages long ago by hosts of devout men. Of what avail will it be to us if, while verifying it as a fact, we lose the faith to use it?

Often we hear men speak about the spirit of prayer as being enough. Yes, it is enough; but how are we to have and keep the spirit of prayer save as we have and keep the spirit of music, the spirit of science, or the spirit of anything else, by diligently practicing the art of prayer? Those who may be said to have the spirit of prayer, and who pray without ceasing, are not those who slight the habit of the daily talk. They are those who pray in the morning and at eventide, and often between, and know it to be the wisest, as it should be most joyous, of all habits. Most of us, perhaps, hold to the worth of prayer in theory, but we neglect the actual act. Here lies one secret of the pitiful penury of faith in our day, our dearth of vision, and much of our nervous fret, worry, and fear. Listen to these words written in a letter by a strong man, a lawyer and a banker:

"I used to pray night and morning, as my mother taught me to do, though, looking back, I think there was, perhaps, more of habit than of prayer in it. After a while, I dropped the habit. Now my prayer ascends only when I feel moved to communion (alas! too seldom), sometimes amid the crowd of workers on the street, sometimes upon a country road alone. My name is no longer on a church roll, but I have an earnest desire that the spiritual in me may evolve into greater harmony with Christ. Yet I feel my life to be far too much enslaved by routine, and my influence for the betterment of things practically nil. This, when I reflect, makes me dissatisfied. I know that my life lacks proportion, and that the poverty of soul of which I am aware is due to neglect."

How many men here, if they spoke as they feel, would have to admit that they are in much the same case. When this banker feels a like need in other matters, he does not stop with a mere wish or an occasional vagrant desire. Not at all. He masters the ways and means whereby what he desires may be obtained, leaving nothing undone to get it. Yet in the highest concerns of life, involving his wealth of soul, his peace of mind, and his influence for good, he leaves all to chance. He knows this to be unwise, and yet he goes on doing it day in and day out. Because this is true of so many, let me urge upon you three suggestions which have been of help to me, and which you may use, perhaps, to your profit. They may seem rudimentary, but we have so long neglected the art of prayer that we need to begin anew and learn it. William Law is a wise teacher:

"If you were to reserve a place for devotion, and not allow yourself to do anything common in it; if you were never there yourself, but in times of prayer; if any little room, or, if that cannot be, any part of a room was thus used, this kind of consecration of it, as a place holy unto God, would dispose your mind to such tempers as would very much assist you. For by having a place thus sacred in your room, it would in some measure resemble a chapel or house of God. This would dispose you to be always in the spirit of religion when you were there and fill you with wise and holy thoughts when you were by yourself. Your own apartment would raise in your mind such sentiments as you have when you stand near an altar; and you would not think of doing anything foolish near the place, which is the place of holy intercourse with God."

Perhaps it is going too far to say, as Horace Bushnell once said, that when men cease to kneel, they cease to pray. None the less, there was some truth in the remark. Every man knows how closely bodily acts and postures are allied to states of mind, and it is by this fact that the simple act of kneeling induces or assists the mood of worship.

Places, too, have their influence. Hence the temple, set apart and made holy to thoughts of God, and life, and the strange soul that dwells in clay. But William Law asks us to set apart a room or a corner of a room, as a sacred place, if so be that we may learn to know the God who lives on

our street. If nothing else, spend a few moments in silence at the opening of the day and you will find that it clears the mind, softens the heart, and makes the burden lighter.

Again, there is a way of thinking about everything, no matter how small or vexing it may be, that will lift it out of the mire. Every earthly fact, said Emerson, has its celestial side, and all we have to do is to turn it over and look at it. If the fall of an apple gave hint of a law of planets, may not the petty things of life have in them something that is not petty? We toss many a gem into the waste basket of a busy day. Jesus saw the love and power of God in a lily, in the fall of a sparrow, not less than in the sweep of a storm. The highest life need not take up time. It is simply a way of living the daily life and doing the daily task, a quality in the way we discharge our common duty. Some men can preach a whole gospel through a handshake, a glance, a smile, a lifting word—men to have known whom is a kind of religion. How fond Jesus was of the simple word "Thapesi," which being interpreted is "Cheer Up," and how much of hope and healing he put into it.

And finally, in my library there are two tiny books, which no man has money enough to buy if no other copies were to be had. One is a selection of "Prayers, Ancient and Modern," and the other an anthology of "Prayers from Poets"—more than twenty centuries of the hopes, dreams, longings, and out-reachings of the soul of man, from Sophocles to Stevenson. When imps play hide and seek on my nerves all night, and the dawn finds me weary; when the cares that infest the day, my own and those of others, weigh me down; when for any reason strings of my soul are sagging and out of tune—those little books, next to the dear old Book, restore my soul and lead me beside still waters. There are those kneeling figures down the centuries, and over me falls the soft echo of their sweet voices of prayer. They lift me on their wings out of the mire and the clay and put a new song of praise into my heart.

Be not afraid to pray!—to pray is right—
Pray, if thou can'st, with hope; but ever pray,
Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay!
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light!
Far is the time, remote from human sight,
When war and discord on the earth shall cease;
But every prayer for universal peace
Avails that blessed time to expedite!
Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of heaven,
Though it be what thou canst not hope to see;
Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be:
But if for any wish thou dar'st not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

The soul of man does violence to itself when it is overpowered by pressure or by pain; when it plays a part, and does or says anything insincerely and untruly; when it allows any act of its own and any movement to be without an aim, and does anything thoughtlessly and without considering what it is, it being right that even the smallest thing be done with reference to an end.

—*Marcus Aurelius.*

This Generation

Sermon Preached at Essex Church, Kensington, London, May 28, 1912, by Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, D. D.

Jesus said: "Whereunto shall I liken this generation? It is like children sitting in the market places, and calling unto their fellows, we have piped unto you and ye have not danced; we have mourned unto you and ye have not lamented."—Matt. xi. 15-17.

This generation—that always means in living speech not the generation which has already done its work and formulated its thought, not the generation that already is known in the world, but the generation that at this particular moment is coming upon the scene. The greatest difficulty which the religious teacher has in speaking to *this* generation is to make the great eternal message of religion strictly contemporaneous—from generation to generation the voice of the fathers to the children. So from age to age a gospel is proclaimed, a church maintained, a civilization wrought and accomplished. But the great difficulty lies in this fact, that the generation which comes upon the scene invariably distrusts the generation that is just passing away, for we are always just emerging from the dark ages, and we are comparing the new light with that darkness in the past.

We understand and appreciate the wisdom of a remote past much more than we understand and appreciate the wisdom of our own immediate past. So we have history continually repeating itself, one generation rebelling against the thought of the generation that immediately preceded it. In the sixteenth century men cast utter contempt upon all the scholasticism and philosophy of the ages that preceded them. When they would invent a synonym for "fool" they simply took the most esteemed school men of the old order and coined the new word "dunce." In the next generation, Thomas Fuller tells us that the sixteenth century was looked upon as altogether over-rated; its enthusiasm was no longer shared by the enlightened seventeenth century, and, he says, "the price of martyrs' ashes has fallen in our days in Smithfield Market." A little while later, Alexander Pope wrote:

We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons perhaps will think us so—

and he need not have said "perhaps." It was in the order of nature. A generation after, everyone discovered that Alexander Pope was a much overrated poet. The whole literature of the nineteenth century is filled with terms of contempt for the eighteenth century, which was looked upon as an age of artificiality. Now that the twentieth century is upon us, we realize that history repeats itself, and the nineteenth century stands as the culprit at the bar. Clever persons have invented a new term of reproach. The word "mid-Victorian" expresses all that men of light and leading ought to turn from. The enthusiasm, the hope, the thought of the nineteenth century are brought to judgment, and to us of the liberal faith who remember what we owe to that great period in human history it is somewhat disconcerting to realize that a new generation has come to consciousness of itself, and that

much that was most characteristic of what we have considered a great age of progress is being judged by new standards. We are told that the standard of the nineteenth century liberalism, both political and religious, was hopelessly commonplace; that it was a time of material progress and of superficial thought and feeling, a time of blind optimism. Men believed that through true forces already discovered the great culmination of history had come.

I am not here to defend a past generation; nor am I here to criticize a coming generation. I believe that, on the whole, we are coming, and the new generation is coming, to a deeper and truer attitude toward life in regard to many questions. But, on the other hand, there is one drawback and one difficulty which today in addressing the new generation often seems to paralyze teachers who believe in freedom and at the same time believe in religion. There is a characteristic of fashionable thought and fashionable literature and philosophy of our day which is deeply affecting the new generation, a type of skepticism differing from that of the generation which is just passing away. We have had skepticism in regard to religion and to philosophy; skepticism in regard to the Bible; skepticism in regard to this dogma or that; we have investigations which often seem to bring results that are amazing to simple people; but after all, when we look at the men of the past generation, those who did the work and those who were recognized as the leaders, we find in them all one characteristic, and that was faith in themselves. Whether they were dogmatists, traditionalists, radicals, men of that generation which wrought so valiantly believed in human effort. If we are strong enough, if we are free enough, if we are good enough, in other words, if we put enough of ourselves into our work, they thought, we shall see the result which we hope for, and out of that self-reliant age there came mighty works which have made the past generation memorable. Now, if you will read the novel, the essay, listen to the play, or to the conversation of young men in the universities, you will find a different attitude, not toward one subject alone, but toward life in general. This is the fashionable attitude. We are here in an unintelligible world, a world of mighty forces moving we know not whither; we ourselves are moving from without, we are subject to passion and to impulse; we are capable of enthusiasm, even of religious enthusiasm; but in our day, we have for the first time learned the lesson of disillusion. We have learned it does not very much matter what we do. The great material forces that are around us are too great for us; they have wrought our present civilization, and they are rapidly unmaking it. We see around us great empires; we see how their history came thus far; we are watching now with trained eye the disillusion of it all. The world itself does not answer to our ideals of righteousness, of justice, and of happiness.

We talk of the great army of the unemployed, men standing in chronic idleness because they will not take the kind of work which comes to them. They are all the time grumbling because they cannot find anything else. There is also an increasing class in every civilized community whom I would call the spiritually unemployed. The spiritually unemployed are generally, after a time, the spiritually unemployable. They criticize every good work; they show the futility of this or that; but they seem somehow incapable of throwing themselves whole-heartedly and gladly into the hard, necessary, constructive work of the world. They think of themselves as superior to the dull, plodding, every-day people who are using all their powers to do something for the great task of humanity. Now every preacher of religion and every church is confronted primarily with this problem of the spiritually unemployed. We all of us know that in every city in the civilized world there is enough moral and spiritual power to remedy the evils that are around, to do the work that needs to be done, and do it nobly. The question for us is how to convince this generation, or, in other words, how to convince every young man and young woman who are now facing life to give up the attitude of moral indifference; to transform the attitude of criticism and of despair into a glad constructive work for God and man.

Now, I think, the first thing for us as believers in religious effort is to change our own attitude. Cease to apologize for religion; cease to apologize for God; to apologize for effort; and make men see themselves as they are. Let us face this cynical, disillusioned man who tells us that all the effort of the world up till now has failed, and that he does not see how anything that he can do will make it otherwise. Ask him this simple question: What do you mean by saying that the well-meant effort of mankind after ideal perfection has failed? And he will give you his idea of perfection, and then contrast with that ideal the existing world. "This is my conception," he says, "of what the world would be if the hypothesis of God were proved in action; this is the kind of religion that we should have if the church and the individual had availed. Show me my conception of God, and I will work. Show me my ideal of a church, and I will join it. Show me my conception of ideal society, and I will change my present despair to hope and appreciation." That is the attitude of the man whom someone has described as a Sadducee asking his way to Utopia. He will never find it. What shall we say to him? I think we must say when that attitude appears in our generation just what Jesus said of the same attitude in his generation. What he said was: "I think that attitude is very childish." Then he told them a story. It seems to me, he said, that people who talk and act that way are like children whom you may see any day playing in the market-place; there is childish expectation quickly giving way to childish petulance and recrimination. One child says: "Let us play that this is a feast; let us play that this is a wedding; and I will set the tune and I will pipe; now do you dance to my piping," or "Let us play that it is a funeral; I will wail; now do you all beat your breasts to my wailing." First the child formulates his childish will; and then, when the others do not follow, he will have nothing more to do with them; it is all failure, it is all loss.

Now as I read the clever pessimistic books of our own time, they seem to give the last sad word of the expiring human intellect in regard to life; and I say to myself, "How childish; how lacking in manly faith and breadth and reason; how lacking in everything which comes from the experience of a strong soul." And I believe that we best meet the peculiar weakness of our own age and generation when we recognize it not as within us, but as beneath us and as inexperience. Have you never read the wail about the bankruptcy of faith? What does that mean? The man pictures an age of beautiful, childlike faith. That is his conception of religion; and when he has idealized that faith in childish style, he proceeds to contrast it with the actual course of human history, showing how in the course of human events, one generation after another has come, and that particular form of faith has vanished before advancing science and before the growing intelligence of mankind. Alas! alas! God and immortality and the beautiful life are vanished now forever! For us in these last days there remains nothing but to sit by the embers of a dead religion! Then he goes on to tell of the human intellect itself; and you may read of the bankruptcy of science. Modern science came with great expectations. It was to solve our problems and to soothe our souls. Door after door has been opened; fact after fact, law after law discovered; and still the human heart is forlorn, and the questions are not answered. He turns to the eager, practical philanthropist and reformer in the same sad way. You started out, did you not, to bring in brotherhood and liberty and peace? One measure after another you passed for the amelioration of human ills; you gave yourself with enthusiasm to these works, and now see what has come of it. Because of your philanthropy, because of your enthusiasm, there has come discontent, class hatred, all sorts of evils. Paralysis of business has come because of your efforts, or in spite of faith; but what is clear is that your efforts have failed. Long ago and through centuries, the Christian church has preached peace on earth—what is the use of it? See where we are today! So, in the modern market-place the spoiled children of civilization and the spoiled children of Christian idealism lament and repine and quarrel with the world they need.

Is it not necessary for us to strike everywhere and always a manlier note? And is not that what we, who believe in the progress and the general tendency of modern civilization, of religion, and of science, should utter—the note, not of apology, but of acceptance of our ideals, and also of the conditions under which those ideals are to be realized? The true man of science makes no apology for science when one comes to him and tells him that these expectations that we have had in regard to the things which science was to establish have not been fulfilled, and that therefore science is bankrupt. The man of science simply says: "My friend, did it ever occur to you that you do not know what science means? It does not mean the confirmation of some pre-conceived idea which you may have or which I may have; it is impersonal. It is no respecter of persons. It succeeds; and it only succeeds in proportion as it reveals the truth which already exists; and that truth did not wait for us to approve. Science is but the acceptance of the things by reason discovered. I do not know beforehand the facts; I follow on; I see; I accept; I apply." Now, is not that attitude possible for us in religion; and is it not the only strong and appealing attitude as the generations come and go? Religion is not a theory about the world. It is not a theory about God; it is not a kind of spiritual whim that we wish to affirm; it is not what we would expect. It is the reaction of our souls toward all the powers in the universe as they are revealed unto ourselves. What is truth? What are the facts of history? What are the possibilities of experience? What is the destiny before us? A man of religion once free stands with an absolute humility before the spiritual universe and the moral universe, just as the man of science stands with absolute humility before the material world. Then in that attitude of manly, persevering, patient effort, he believes that today, as in all the days, answering unto man's endeavor, truth and right are still revealed answering unto our endeavor. We expect no other answer than that; we expect nothing to come to us unearned. We do expect a great revelation through increasing effort. We dare not praise any more than the old Puritan did a fugitive and cloistered virtue. We do not ask before we have done the task to receive the reward. We do not ask before we have studied to learn the lesson; but we do ask, as every manly man must ask, "the wages of going on."

Here we stand—let the pessimist and the cynic say what he will—we men and women throughout the wide world, after all these ages of effort, of strife, of spiritual effort—after all that has been done for us by saints and prophets and heroes, here we stand as we are. You need not tell us—we know too well our weakness, our selfishness, our crudeness; we know full well how far from perfection humanity is today; but we know also how far we are from chaos and black night; how far we have gone from the brutal instincts of primitive man. Humanity has gone far enough for us to trace its direction; to measure in some ways its slow progress; and to look forward to a distant goal. The way we know, how hard, how long; the wayfarers we know, those in the past who have stumbled and fallen, those who are stumbling and falling still. But religion is going on toward that far light; it is going toward that ideal; it is arming itself with courage, inspiring the weak with hope, and quickening the soul with love. It is toward this generation that all those forces must go out today as the same forces have gone out in the past. The question is not whether this world corresponds to our pre-conceived notions of what it ought to do; it is whether this world is a world in which our effort is continually put forth in a manly way. It is clear, if nothing else is clear, that all we have is the result of effort, and that no dream that ever entered into prophet's or poet's soul can be fulfilled except through increasing effort. Our religion is not a palliative, it is not an apology; it is a challenge, a challenge to the world's need to reach souls

that must answer it. The question is not whether this world conforms to our idea of it, or whether we are to conform to the world; it is deeper and more difficult than that. Do not accept the axiom as your motto "be not conformed to this world," but "be ye transformed," facing the world as it actually is. Be transformed until you feel yourself to be a creative power; until you feel yourself strong enough to grapple with the world and change it. No easy task that! No task to be finished in one generation! It is the eternal task of the soul of man. Be transformed by the renewing of your minds that ye may know, not now, but at last, what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God.

Cannot the man of religion face this new world—strange, bewildering, threatening, full of new unsolved problems—in that spirit? I do not know today the solution of those problems; I do not know the meaning of it all; but I do know this, that I am here, not to be passive, not to be blown about by every wind, not to yield to every danger; I am here as God's child, God's agent, a creative force, a divine will moving toward higher ends. I am here to transform this world, not in accordance with my will, but in accordance with a divine ideal revealed to me progressively by my endeavor. Each day must bring new problems, new difficulties, new doubts; but to each day there comes a new mind. I will learn the lesson of today so as to meet tomorrow's danger more wisely; I may, through my defeat today, take on new courage and patience for tomorrow's battle. Day by day is revealed to me the deeper meaning of human life, and not now, but some time there shall be revealed the blessed mystery of it all. Some time when we have earned it, when we are ready for it, when our souls shall become more transparent, when we have learned through a thousand failures and blunders, then shall come the revealing; not now, but then, shall we know what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God.—*From the London Inquirer.*

The Park Systems of Chicago

Once upon a time Chicago adopted for its emblem a seal bearing upon its surface the words, *"Urbs in Horto"*—a city in a garden. In trying to learn the history of this motto, we discovered that very little was known of its origin, the historical records giving no clew to the reason for its adoption. However, in many of the written accounts of the early settlers, much was said about the beauty of the surrounding prairies. They spoke of the quantities of flowers growing upon them and likened them to a flowery carpet. Possibly this is sufficient to suggest to our minds that the early fathers thought the place so attractive that they would bear witness to the fact on their municipal seal. It is well to have preserved the motto even though we know not of its origin, for to those of us who are desirous of retaining the vision of a city beautiful, and who are endeavoring to conquer the ugliness which has been brought about by our rapid industrial growth, it is a satisfaction to recall this early picture of Chicago, that we may continue to reclaim the earth round about for man's pleasure and delight and to emphasize the fact that the city was originally intended to be one of beauty and light.

In considering briefly Chicago's unprecedented growth from a village hoyden to a metropolitan debutante, we find that we are still in need of the new gown which Mr. McCutcheon so graphically portrayed at the time of our unsuccessful fight for a new charter. We have gone on patching and patching until our dress is like unto a crazy quilt, one part seeming to have no relation to any other, each piece being added from time to time without any proper consideration of the whole. The uncouth girl is now the "I Will" maiden who feels that her clothes do not do justice to her size and dignity. In no respect is this truer than in relation to the park situation which can no longer be rightly handled unless some principle of co-ordination is introduced into its management.

Broadly speaking, this question includes the proposed "outer park belt" beyond the city's limits, the large parks with the boulevards within the city, the smaller parks and playgrounds, the future plans for the beautifying of the lake front, and the creation of more parks in connection with the Chicago Plan Commission.

The "outer park belt" will encircle the city from the Skokie Valley on the north through the Desplaines River Valley on the west to the Calumet Lake district on the south. By this means we shall provide for our future growth and preserve for all time the forest lands about the city for the benefit and health of the people. The act creating the Forest Preserve Commission, which was intended to have taxing authority over the entire County of Cook and to raise money for the acquiring of these lands, has been declared unconstitutional, so that another bill must be passed by the legislature before we can proceed to carry out this plan.

The movement for creating parks within the city dates back to 1839, when one-half square of land on which the public library now stands was set apart for such purposes and known as Dearborn Park. There followed in succession Washington Square, Jefferson, Union, Ellis, and Vernon Parks, through the gifts, for the most part, of public-spirited citizens. Then, in 1869, there was the need of joining these with boulevards and creating a park system. To these again were added gradually Lincoln, Humboldt, Garfield, Douglas, Washington, and Jackson Parks. The adding of large park lands to the city stopped, however, over forty years ago. In 1880, Chicago was the second city in the country in amount of park area, being exceeded only by Philadelphia. It now stands seventh—Boston, New York, Los Angeles, Newark, Philadelphia and San Francisco exceeding us. At least half of our population lives more than one mile from any large park, and in congested districts we have 5,000 people to each acre of park space. The average for the city is nearly 1,000 to the acre, while we should have one acre for every 100 people. Besides these large parks, we have had the movement in the last ten years which has created the small parks and recreation centers of which Chicago is justly proud, and

which she has developed to a greater extent than any city in this country.

To manage this vast system, Chicago has ten park boards, exclusive of the Forest Preserve Commission, which we mentioned above, and the Small Parks Commission, a branch of the municipal government.

Unfortunately for governing purposes, Chicago has been treated as if it were three distinct cities, no doubt on account of its river, which runs like a "y" through its midst, cutting it up like ancient Gaul. Just as this condition has worked to our detriment in the solution of our transportation problem, so it has prevented a uniform plan in the handling of our park problem. The variety in park government arose in 1869, at the time when the Southwest and Lincoln Park Boards were established. Prior to this, the control rested in the department of public works, but we had then only 125 acres of park space, one-third of which was improved, while now we have 3,320 acres.

The South Park district for the purpose of raising money by taxation for the South Side parks was created in '69 by a referendum vote of the people of South Chicago, Hyde Park, and Lake, an enabling act having been previously granted by the legislature. The board of control consists of five commissioners appointed for five years by the circuit judges of Cook County. In the same year, a bill was passed and approved by the people establishing the West Park district, which is governed by a board of seven members appointed by the governor for seven years.

The Lincoln Park district was created by legislature in that year also, and the North Side parks are in the hands of a board of seven men, appointed by the governor for five years. The enabling act was never submitted to the vote of the people, so that the board has no corporate authority like that of the South and West Sides; but each year the taxes for park purposes are levied by the authorities of the towns of North Chicago and Lake View. In 1895, by an act of the legislature, it became possible to create many additional park districts. Any one hundred legal voters resident within a proposed park district may petition the county judge to order an election to determine whether the district shall be organized and for the appointment of five commissioners. Seven park districts have been so created.

This general principle of taxation by districts for park purposes seems to imply that the people living within a given distance of any park are the only ones to be benefited, and that the city as a whole does not reap a sufficient advantage to allow it to be taxed uniformly. Many believe that the city should be looked upon as a unit, treated as such, and taxed uniformly to the end that no one part shall benefit or suffer at the expense of the other.

To show how unfairly the present method has worked in some respects, if we look at a map showing the different districts we notice that the South Park district runs from South Chicago on the south to the river on the north, taking in the entire loop area. This gives the South Side an advantage over the rest of the city, since it alone receives the income to be derived through taxation from the wealthy business section. It has more money than it can easily dispose of, which leads to waste and extravagance. On the other hand, the West Chicago park commissioners have not the money necessary to meet the needs of the people on the West Side.

At the time the North and West Chicago Park boards were negotiating with the sanitary district for the use of electric current, the South Side board insisted upon building an electric plant of its own. Later, it also made an agreement with the sanitary district to supply it with current, consequently making the cost for this steam plant of $319,000, an unwarranted expense. The temptation to place parks in sparsely settled neighborhoods before there is any demand or need, has resulted in the purchase of Marquette Park, where the improvement was long in advance of what was required. Although there is much to commend in the management of the South Park Board, too much power and money rest in their hands at the expense of the rest of the city.

The West Side system has been more or less the victim of political control, and instances of unbusinesslike methods are shown in the fact that it employed an attorney at $3,000 a year, an assistant at $1,850, a $1,200 stenographer, and special counsel when necessary. The stenographer occupies a part of the downtown office of the attorney, whose name is on the door, as a practicing lawyer. The North and South Side boards have one attorney each.

The Lincoln Park management is, for the most part, above criticism, and its improvements justifiable, such as the bathing beach at the north end of Lincoln Park, which has been a Godsend to the people all over the city.

No one can study these facts without appreciating the need of unifying the entire system; placing the control in the hands of one board and thereby eliminating the waste from having many organizations doing the work which one might do better. At present it is difficult for the public to be cognizant of the way matters stand regarding the raising and spending of park money. The Bureau of Efficiency, which has recently printed a valuable report of an investigation on the matter, shows in detail wherein the present method is wasteful and unfair, and recommends that consolidation be brought about under a department of the city government with a superintendent to be appointed by the mayor and a committee to be appointed by the city council which shall act as the governing body.

It says that "if the city were given control, the city purchasing agent might easily serve the parks; the corporation counsel's office might do the work now done by the several park attorneys, the city architect and engineering bureau might perform much of the park work; all funds might be kept by the city treasurer, and in the park departments of recreation, refectories, etc., one director or manager would save the salaries of several."

In order to bring about consolidation, it will be necessary to submit a bill to the people of Chicago for their approval. This, we hope, may be done before 1913.—*Mrs. T. W. Allinson, in the Common Cause.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

PROFESSOR STARR'S VISIT TO AFRICA

Frederick Starr, of the University of Chicago, leaves for West Africa about June 15. He will be accompanied by Harry Foster Dean, who knows Africa from repeated expeditions into different regions, and Campbell Marvin. The party will sail from New York by the Uranium on June 20, for Rotterdam. A few days may be devoted to museum study in Holland, Belgium and Germany, after which a steamer of the Oldenburg-Portuguese Co. will be taken from Rotterdam or Antwerp for Tangier, Morocco. At Tangier and Casa Blanca some study will be made of existing conditions and it is probable that other Moroccan points may be visited. The party will then take the steamer of the Spanish Compañia Transatlantica for west coast Moroccan towns, Teneriffe, Dakar, and Freetown. If time permits a stop of some duration will be made at Dakar to study the Senegalese of the region. Another tarry will be made at Freetown, where arrangements for the further trip will be perfected—supplies purchased, caravan leaders secured, etc. The party will strike into the interior by the railroad from Freetown through Sierra Leone almost to the border of Liberia. From Songatown, the terminus, a caravan journey will be made into Liberia, in the hinterland of which a series of interesting native tribes will be visited, collections will be made, and observations recorded. Especial attention will be given to native arts and industries, religions, and folk-lore. Coming out, finally, at the mouth of the St. Paul River, the coast towns of the Americo-Liberians will be visited, most time being given to Monrovia and Harper. A trip will also be made up the Cavalla River. The chief field for the work of the expedition is Liberia. In that country not only will anthropological and ethnographic studies be made but political, social, and economic conditions will be investigated with care and some examination will be made of natural resources, opportunities, and products. Liberia, a transplantation to African soil from the United States, has great possibilities of usefulness, and wholesome and normal development there may lead to "African redemption." The moment is critical in her history and a few steps properly taken now may lead to great results. Prof. Starr expects to go accredited to that government as a Special Commissioner of the California-Panama Exposition of San Diego (1915), and it is hoped that Liberia may arrange for an exhibit there to surpass any she has before made and one which will kindle interest regarding her. The expedition carries facilities for extensive photography, including a regular camera, a stereoscopic camera, and a moving picture apparatus. It is prepared for anthropometric work and various special lines of physical examination. Something over six months will be occupied and the party proposes to return about January 1.

THE PASSING OF THE "SIGNAL DE GENEVE."

Like its whilom contemporary, *Le Signal de Paris*, which it has nevertheless outlived by quite a term of years, that valiant and ever-ready defender of all good causes, the *Signal de Geneve*, is being forced out of existence. The following announcement tells a story not new in the annals of advanced journalism, but one which theUNITY constituency cannot fail to read with peculiar sympathy. Not only might the UNITY management say quite feelingly, "We know how it is ourselves," but there is another quite special tie between these widely sundered groups of social workers and champions of prophetic causes. Had it not been for *Le Signal*, UNITY, and M. E. H. would never have established and maintained for so many years, its department of "Foreign Notes." It was an extract from a stray copy of UNITY published in *Le Signal* which, brought to our senior editor's attention, led him to say: "Why cannot you do the like and tell us now and then what is going on over there?" Many were the gleanings from the little Swiss weekly that found their way into these columns as the years passed on. We cannot therefore forego our tribute of remembrance and regret at the passing of this journalistic comrade.

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The announcement of its management is as follows:

"We regret to inform you that, in accord with the Auxiliary Society, and conformably to its decision under date of May 10, we are obliged to discontinue the publication of the *Signal* from the 1st of July, its publishers no longer receiving sufficient support to insure the regular appearance of the journal, and the financial situation being too difficult.

"The *Signal de Geneve* can no longer realize its political aim, the group (National) which it represented, having ceased its parliamentary activity, while other journals have arisen supporting the same general ideas, and defending many of the same causes. The work undertaken will, therefore, not fail simply by the disappearance of our paper.

"We can only regret that an independent social and ethical journal, discussing political issues on a plane above all partisanship should not have found in a city like Geneva arequate support. After eighteen years of struggle we are obliged to give it up, leaving its friends to labor in other ways for the welfare of our country.

"The date of dissolution has been finally fixed by the Auxiliary Society as June 30.

"By arrangement with the publishers of *L'Essor*, our subscribers will receive that journal free to the expiration of their subscriptions unless they notify us to the contrary. Those who do not accept this arrangement, but prefer to have the balance on their subscriptions refunded in cash, are requested to inform us before June 15. Perhaps some among them may be minded, by the relinquishment of this claim, to assist in some small degree to make good the deficit. All such will please accept our thanks in advance." M. E. H.

THE MAXIMS OF PTAHHOTEP

A beautiful and interesting Card has been prepared as an Easter gift for the pupils of All Souls Sunday-school. The sentences are taken from an Instruction Book for the use of Egyptian Youth edited in the time of the Pyramid Builders. The size is 12½x8½ inches with richly colored border. Copies can be procured for 25 cents.

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